

THE ST. JOHN ORATORIO SOCIETY,

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF ASSEMBLY, A. D. 1883.

NINTH SEASON, 1890-91.

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HANDEL'S "Messiah," "Judas Maccabæus," "Samson," "Jephtha." HAYDN'S "Creation,"
"Seasons." STAINER'S "The Daughter of Jairus." MENDELSSOHN'S "Elijah,"
"St. Paul," "Hymn of Praise," "42nd Psalm," "Hear my Prayer," "Athaliae."
SPOHR'S "Last Judgment." MACFARREN'S "May Day." &c., &c.

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TWO GRAND PERFORMANCES IN THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Thursday, November 13th, at 8 P. M.:

HANDEL'S "SAMSON"

Friday, November 14th, at 8 P. M.:

SIR JOHN STAINER'S
SACRED CANTATA

AND PART OF

"The Daughter of Jairus," ||| Handel's "Jephtha."

SOLOISTS.

Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen, (of Boston) Soprano

Mr. Geo. J. Parker, (of Boston) - - Tenor

Mrs. Gilchrist, - - - - Alto

Mr. G. S. Mayes, } - - - Bass

Miss Alice G. Hea, }

Mr. Tom Daniel, }

Pianiste, - - - -

Miss May Bowden.

Organist, - - - -

Mr. James S. Ford.

The instrument used is one of the celebrated Vocallons, kindly furnished for the occasion by Messrs. Landry & Co.

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Miss Flossie Bowden - - Violincello

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Mr. W. A. Ewing - - Double Bass

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G. F. Calkin - - Flute

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W. G. Stratton - - Clarinet

R. F. Strand - - - Viola

J. F. Gregory - - - Cornet

CONDUCTOR, . . . MR. THOMAS MORLEY.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, AT 8 P. M.

SAMSON!

AN ORATORIO COMPOSED IN 1742 BY G. F. HANDEL.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED:

Philistine Woman,	}	Soprano,.....	MRS. E. HUMPHREY-ALLEN
Dalila,			
Israelitish Woman,	}	Alto,.....	MRS. GILCHRIST
Micah,			
Samson,	}	Tenor,.....	MR. GEO. J. PARKER
Israelitish Messenger,			
Manoah,	}	Bass,.....	{ MR. TOM DANIEL MR. G. S. MAYES
Harapha, the Philistine Giant,			
Chorus of Priests of Dagon, Philistines and Israelites.			

PART I.

OVERTURE.....*Andante pomposo.—Allegro.—Minuet.*

SCENE.—*Before the Prison in Gaza.*

SAMSON, blind and in chains. Attendant leading him. MANOAH, MICAH and ISRAELITES.

RECITATIVE—*Samson.*

This day, a solemn feast to Dagon held
Relieves me from my task of servile toil;
Unwillingly their superstition yields
This rest, to breathe heav'n's air, fresh blowing,
pure and sweet.

Enter a troop of the PRIESTS and WORSHIPERS of DAGON, celebrating his festival.

CHORUS—*Priests, &c.*

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound;
The joyful sacred festival comes round,
When Dagon king of all the earth is crown'd.

AIR—*Philistine Woman.*

Ye men of Gaza, hither bring
The merry pipe and pleasing string,
The solemn hymn, and cheerful song;
Be Dagon prais'd by every tongue.

CHORUS.

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound;
The joyful sacred festival comes round,
When Dagon king of all the earth is crown'd.

RECITATIVE—*Samson.*

Oh, loss of sight! of thee I most complain.
Oh, worse than beggary, old age, or chains!
My very soul in real darkness dwells!

AIR.

Total eclipse! no sun, no moon,
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!
O glorious light! no cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day!
Why thus depriv'd Thy prime decree?
Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me.

CHORUS—*Israelites.*

O first-created beam, and thou, great word,
Let there be light! and light was over all;
One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly
ball,
To thy dark servant life by light afford.

AIR—*Manoah.*

Thy glorious deeds inspir'd my tongue,
Whilst airs of joy from thence did flow,
To sorrows now I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of woe.

RECITATIVE—*Samson.*

My grief for this forbid mine eyes to close, or
thoughts to rest:
But now the strife shall end; me overthrown,
Dagon presumes to enter lists with God;
Who thus provok'd will not connive, but rouse
His fury soon, and His great Name assert.
Dagon shall stoop, ere long be quite despoil'd
Of all those boasted trophies won on me.

AIR.

Why does the God of Israel sleep?
Arise with dreadful sound,
With clouds encompass'd round,
Then shall the heathen hear Thy thunder deep.
The tempest of Thy wrath now raise,
In whirlwinds them pursue,
Full fraught with vengeance due,
Till shame and trouble all Thy foes shall seize.

CHORUS—*Israelites.*

Then shall they know that He, whose Name
Jehovah, is alone
O'er all the earth, but One,
Was ever the Most High, and still the same.

RECITATIVE—*Manoah.*

For thee, my dearest son—must thou meanwhile
Lie, thus neglected, in this loathsome plight.

Samson.

It should be so. Why should I live?
Soon shall these orbs to double darkness yield.

CHORUS—*Israelites.*

Then round about the starry throne
Of Him who ever rules alone,
Your heavenly guided soul shall climb;
Of all this earthly grossness quit,
With glory crown'd for ever sit,
And triumph over Death, and thee, O time!

RECITATIVE—*Samson.*

My evils hopeless are, one pray'r remains,
A speedy death to close my miseries.

Micah.

Relieve Thy champion, image of Thy strength,
And turn his labors to a peaceful end.

AIR

Return, O God of Hosts! behold
Thy servant in distress,
His mighty griefs redress,
Nor by the heathen be they told.

CHORUS—*Israelites.*

To dust his glory they would tread,
And number him amongst the dead.

RECITATIVE—*Micah.*

But who is this, that so bedeck'd and gay,
Cones thy sail sailing like a stately ship?
'Tis Dalila thy wife.

Samson.

My wife? my traitress! let her not come near me.

Enter DALILA.

With doubtful feet, and wav'ring resolution,
I come, O Samson, dread'ing thy displeasure;
But conjugal affection led me on,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt.
Glad if in aught my help or love could serve
to expiate my rash, unthought misdeed.

AIR.

My faith and truth, O Samson, prove;
But hear me, hear the voice of love;
With love no mortal can be cloyed,
All happiness is love enjoyed.

RECITATIVE—*Samson.*

Ne'er think of that, I know thy warbling charms,
Thy trains, thy wiles, and fair enchanted cup.
Their force is null'd. Where once I have been caught,
I shun the snare. These chains, this prison-house,
I count the house of liberty to thine.

DUET—*Dalila.*

Traitor to love, I'll sue no more
For pardon scorned, your threats give o'er.

Samson.

Traitor to love, I'll hear no more
The charmer's voice, your arts give o'er.

[*Exit DALILA.*]

PART II.

RECITATIVE—Micah.

No words of peace, no voice enchanting fear,
A rougher tongue expect,—here's Harapha,
I know him by his stride and haughty look.

Enter HARAPHa and PHILISTINES.

Harapha.

I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance;
I am of Gath, men call me Harapha;
Thou know'st me now; of thy prodigious might
Much have I heard, incredible to me!
In this displeas'd, that never in the field
We met, to try each other's deeds of strength:
I'd see if thy appearance answers loud report.

Samson.

The way to know, were not to see, but taste.

Harapha.

Ha! dost thou then already single me?
I thought that labor and thy chains had tamed thee.
Had fortune brought me to that field of death,
Where thou wrought'st wonders with an ass's
jaw,
I'd left thy carcass where the ass lay dead.

Samson.

Boast not of what thou would'st have done,
but do.

Harapha.

The honor certain to have won from thee
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out;
To combat with a blind man I disdain.

AIR.

Honor and arms scorn such a foe,
Tho' I could end thee at a blow,
Poor victory, to conquer thee,
Or glory in thy overthrow:
Vanquish a slave that is half slain!
So mean a triumph I disdain.

Samson.

Can'st thou for this, vain boaster? yet take heed;
My heels are fettered, but my hands are free.
Thou bulk of spirit void, I once again,
Blind, and in chains, provoke thee to the fight.

Harapha.

O Dagon! can I hear this insolence,
To me unused, not rendering instant death!

DUET—Samson.

Go, baffled coward, go,
Lest vengeance lay thee low;
In safety fly my wrath with speed.

Harapha.

Presume not on thy God,
Who under foot has trod
Thy strength and thee, at greatest need.

RECITATIVE—Harapha.

Dagon, arise, attend thy sacred feast;
Thy honor calls, this day admits no rest.

CHORUS—Philistines.

To song and dance we give the day,
Which shows thy universal sway.
Protect us by thy mighty hand,
And sweep this race from out the land.

CHORUS—Israelites and Philistines.

Fixed in His everlasting seat,
Jehovah } rules the world in state.
Great Dagon }
His thunder roars, heaven shakes, and earth's
aghast.
The stars, with deep amaze,
Remain in steadfast gaze;
Jehovah } is of Gods the first and last.
Great Dagon }

[*Exeunt HARAPHa and PHILISTINES.*]

RECITATIVE—Micah.

More trouble is behind; for Harapha
Comes on amain, speed in his steps and look.

Samson.

I fear him not, nor all his giant brood.

Enter HARAPHa.

Harapha.

Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say:
"This day to Dagon we do sacrifice
With triumph, pomp, and games; we know
thy strength
Surpasses human rate; come, then, and show
Some public proof, to grace this solemn feast."

Samson.

I am an Hebrew, and our law forbids
My presence at their vain religious rites.

Harapha.

This answer will offend; regard thyself.

Samson.

Myself! my conscience and eternal peace!
Am I so broke with servitude, to yield
To such absurd commands? to be their fool,
And play before their god? I will not come.

Harapha.

My message, given with speed, brooks no delay.
[*Exit HARAPHa.*]

RECITATIVE—Micah.

Consider, Samson, matters now are strain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break.
He's gone, whose malice may inflame the lords.

Samson.

Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair,
By vaunting it in honor to their god,
And prostituting holy things to idols?

Micah.

How thou wilt here come off surmounts my
reach;

'Tis heaven alone can save both us and thee.

CHORUS—Israelites.

With thunder armed, great God, arise;
Help, Lord, or Israel's champion dies;
To Thy protection this Thy servant take,
And save, O save us, for Thy servant's sake.

RECITATIVE—Samson.

Let but that Spirit (which first rushed on me
In the camp of Dan) inspire me at my need:
Then shall I make JEHOVAH's glory known:
Their idol gods shall from His presence fly,
Scattered like sheep before the God of Hosts.

AIR.

Thus when the sun in's watery bed,
All curtained with a cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave;
The wandering shadows, ghastly pale,
All troop to their infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave.
[*Exit, led by his attendant.*]

CHORUS—Philistines.

Great Dagon has subdued our foe,
And brought their boasted hero low:
Sound out his power in notes divine,
Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

RECITATIVE—Manoah.

What noise of joy was that? it tore the sky.

Micah.

They shout and sing to see their dreaded foe
Now captive, blind, delighting with his strength.

Manoah.

Could my inheritance but ransom him,
Without my patrimony, having him,
The richest of my tribe.

Micah.

Sons care to nurse

Their parents in old age; but you, your son.

AIR—Manoah.

How willing my paternal love
The weight to share
Of filial care,
And part of sorrow's burden prove!
Tho' wandering in the shades of night,
Whilst I have eyes, he wants no light.

RECITATIVE—Micah.

Your hopes of his delivery seem not vain,
In which all Israel's friends participate.

Manoah.

I know your friendly minds, and—
(*SYMPHONY of horror and confusion at the fall of
the house of Dagon.*)

Heaven, what noise?
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

(*CHORUS—Philistines at a little distance.*)

Hear us, our god! O hear our cry!
Death! ruin! fallen! no help is nigh:
O mercy, heav'n, we sink, we die!
[*Enter an ISRAELITISH MESSENGER.*]

Messenger.

Where shall I run, or which way fly the thoughts
Of this most horrid sight? O countrymen,
You're in this sad event too much concerned.

Micah.

The accident was loud, we long to know from
whence.

Messenger.

Let me recover breath; it will burst forth.

Manoah.

Suspense in news is torture: speak it out.

Messenger.

Then take the worst in brief. Samson is dead.

Manoah.

The worst indeed!

Messenger.

Unwounded of his enemies he fell,
At once he did destroy, and was destroyed,
The edifice (where all were met to see)
Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.

Manoah.

O lastly over-strong against thyself!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge,
Glorious, yet dearly bought.

A DEAD MARCH.

Enter ISRAELITES, with the body of SAMSON.

CHORUS—Israelites.

Bring the laurels, bring the bays,
Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.
Glorious hero, may thy grave
Peace and honor ever have;
After all thy pains and woes,
Rest eternal, sweet repose.

RECITATIVE—Manoah.

Come, come: no time for lamentation now.
No cause for grief; Samson like Samson fell
Both life and death heroic, To his foes
Ruin is left; to him eternal fame.

AIR—Israelitish Woman.

Let the bright Seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted Angel-trumpets blow:
Let the Cherubic host, in tuneful choirs,
Touch their immortal harps with golden wires.

CHORUS—Israelites.

Let their celestial concerts all unite,
Ever to sound His praise in endless morn of
light.

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